

# The Care and Training of the North American Wildboy

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Wildboys are everywhere. A former government researcher shares his tips for training them."

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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# The Care and Training of the North American Wildboy

by Wrestlr

Wildboys are everywhere. They're the cocky, strutting eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-old guys who hang out on street corners and in hamburger joints. They can be jocks, or hoodlums, or boy-next-door types, but they share a defining characteristic as a species, a void that needs to be filled. Their brash, growing-up manhood demands the one thing they lack in their lives: control.

I found Jerry at the local college. I don't know his real name, but in my head I called him *Jerry* because he reminded me of a close pal from my teenaged years, a tanned, blond athlete who ended up in prison for life because he lacked discipline.

Anyway, I was driving past the small local college one afternoon when I saw this wildboy step from the curb and hold out his thumb for a ride. No, I didn't give him a lift, but I recognized his classic arrogant stance and

his attitude instantly. The timing was perfect, because I was not long away from needing a test subject. In the days that followed, I worked out his schedule--when he stayed late and when he left promptly. When I'd gotten it all down pat, I stopped and picked him up.

The moment he got into my car, I knew I'd made an ideal selection. His blond hair was short-clipped and neat, his brown eyes bright with intelligence, and his features were a strong blending of youth and increasing maturity. His wide shoulders and sharply trimming physique were outlined beneath his shirt, a tint of tanned flesh showing through the crisp white fabric. His jeans hung low on his slim hips, the bulging fullness of his crotch carelessly displayed. Yeah, he was the exactly cocky, undisciplined wildboy I'd been looking for.

As part of my plan, I was careful not to exchange names. Also, I didn't take him all the way to his home, a couple of miles beyond my own. His name?--Where he lived?--Not important.

I remember how he got out of the car that first time, giving me a matter-of-fact *Thanks, mister*, swinging to his feet and tugging the front of his pants into place, turning and sauntering down the sidewalk, the tight arcs of his ass shifting abruptly with each taunting, show-off stride. Damn it, he was an ideal, natural wildboy!

So I went ahead with my plan. Each afternoon, I just happened to drive past the college when he was out there trying to hitch a ride home, and he became accustomed to having me pick him up. He started talking about himself, about how he stayed late because he was a freshman on the swim team and needed the extra practice to keep up with the more experienced swimmers, about his classes, about how he couldn't wait for this or that party, about himself, himself, always himself.

Finally came the afternoon when he slid out of my car at the corner with the usual *Thanks, mister*, and then he turned back. "Hey," he said, "I don't know your name. You've been giving me a ride all this time and--"

"I don't give a damn about your name," I replied, "so why should you care about mine?"

"Uh ..."

I'd surprised him, and he frowned, taken aback. He didn't know how to interpret what I'd said.

"Okay, sure, mister. See you tomorrow." This was both a question and a promise. "Okay?"

"Sure thing."

Right then is when I was sure my plan would work! I knew this wildboy was ready for training; he was ready for discipline, obedience, manhood. That night I put my house in order, triple-checking all the equipment in my basement workroom, making sure the diagnostics confirmed everything was running perfectly, getting ready for the young stud who would become Jerry when I was finished with him.

The following day, I was intentionally twenty minutes late when I drove past the college, but my wildboy was there waiting for me. He could've tried to hitch a ride with someone else, but he hadn't. Unknowingly, he had passed my first test.

The afternoon was warm, and I casually suggested we stop at my house for a beer. He agreed, showing he trusted me, and thus he'd passed my second test.

I took him to my place for the first time, and he made himself at home, settling on the living room couch, putting his feet up on the coffee table like he owned the place, showing off as he slammed back his beer,

swallowing it quickly, acting relaxed, like he was lord of the manor. Yeah, a real wildboy! He had just passed my final test.

"I need to close the curtains," I said, which gave me an excuse to walk around back of the couch where he sat. The television was on, and he channel-surfed with the remote. He wasn't paying any attention to me. I pulled the ether-filled mask from the plastic bag I'd stashed behind the couch. I came up behind him and clamped the mask over his face before he knew what was happening. Sure, he thrashed and fought, but he couldn't get any leverage and he had to breathe. Once he inhaled, I had won--I just needed to hold on a few more moments, hold the mask firmly in place, as his struggling arms got clumsier and clumsier, losing strength. He weakened, then slowly faltered, went limp, unconscious, helpless.

I dragged him downstairs into the basement "dungeon" room I'd previously used for more conventional sex-games with more willing subjects. I worked quickly, laying him out on the padded table, attaching the cuffs to his wrists and hauling his arms out taut, pulling off his shoes and socks so I could attach the ankle clamps and spread-eagle him on the table. I grabbed the electric clippers and sheared away his short blond hair to stubble, wiping away his old appearance as easily as the program was about to wipe away his old self. With his head nearly shaved, the sensors would have closer contact and could better read his responses.

I'd barely finished when he started to revive. This was the moment I'd waited for! The handsome, stubble-scalped blond teenager lay before me, his head rolling groggily, and I watched the muscle pulls, the attempts to move, the sudden realization of his bondage. He jerked his head up and focused on me, his brown eyes wide with terror.

Sure, I'd brought other men into this room previously for a little bondage and domination sex-play, but that was before I'd brought home the research equipment. The other men I'd brought here for conventional erotic games?--They'd all known what to expect. Some put up a show of resistance, and others couldn't wait to obey, but they were all ultimately playing at the roles. Jerry, though, showed the true and total fear I'd always wanted to see. No pretending, no role-playing. Reality!

"Hey, mister," he said, trying to disguise that accelerating panic. "What the hell?"

"You're a wildboy," I told him quietly. I knew he wouldn't understand, but I tried to explain the plan I'd developed. "A wildboy is a young man who grows up with the best everything--looks, electronic toys, fashionable clothes. Everything, except control."

I told him that I was going to give him what he'd missed on his journey to manhood, that I'd taken special care in choosing him, that he needed the training in discipline I was going to provide, that he'd thank--

"You're crazy!" he interrupted. "You're fucking crazy!"

That's when I hit him for the first time. I slammed him across the face with my open palm, just hard enough to make his head bounce back against the padded table and his eyes water.

"Wildboy!" I scolded. He didn't answer, so I went ahead with my plan. I brought out the helmet, and he was still too ether-groggy and too impact-stunned to react as I worked it over his head. First I got the chin-strap in place, and he snapped out of his daze around the time I was fastening the second neck strap. By then, his head-thrashing was pointless. I locked the last strap in place. The plastic and metal helmet fit skin-tight, hooding the upper part of his face and cutting off his sight and hearing. Yeah, we'd tested that helmet thoroughly before the government shut down my project, and I knew Jerry was totally isolated, chained, unable to see or hear.

And now I was ready to begin his training.

He bellowed, "Hey, lemme go! Lemme out of this!"

Yeah, like that was going to happen.

I leaned over him and gripped the front of his T-shirt. He gasped as I pulled the fabric. "What're you--!"

He wouldn't have heard me through the helmet if I'd replied, so I didn't bother.

He tensed as I used the scissors to rip his T-shirt open, neck to waist. I think he was too surprised to cry out. I shredded his shirt with efficient cuts until the fabric fell away from his torso and he was stripped to the waist. Damn, he was a handsome specimen! His sun-bronzed skin glowed in the dim light, sleek as satin, and his wide shoulders melted into the broad, taut plates of his chest, his dark nipples half-coned at each side. His abdomen was flat and tensed, muscle ridges quivering beneath his slick flesh, and his jeans dipped low on his slim hips, a glimpse of his elastic-banded briefs showing. He jerked when I touched his bared torso, trembled as I palm-stroked his heaving chest and smoothed the goose-flesh on his stomach, toyed with his firm nipples. No, I didn't twist or squeeze them--not yet--that would come later. I outlined his rib-etched sides, examined his maturing torso, all the way to his hips, slowly and thoroughly and sensuously.

Then I gripped his belt and unfastened it.

"No!" he yelped, suddenly alarmed. Maybe he realized for the first time what was to come. "Lemme go, mister! Please!"

I climbed up on the table with him for leverage and I opened his fly. He tried to thrash away, but that worked in my favor, helping me jerk his pants down as his hips bucked off the table, and then I had his pants bunched at his mid-thighs.

"Stop!" he begged, straining against the bonds I'd set so carefully. "Lemme go! Just lemme go, okay? I won't tell anyone! I promise! Don't!"

He wore snug briefs, deep blue with stark white piping around the waist and leg-holes that emphasized the sharpness of his tan above and below.

With his legs spread, I couldn't haul his pants down any farther. Time for the scissors again. I cut a slit down one jeans-leg, exposing more of his skin. A cut down the other side, waistband to ankle, and his pants fell away from his body. I ran my fingers over his recently swimmer-shaved thigh, probing upward to his crotch. I cupped the bulging pouch of his briefs in one hand, testing his hidden genitals. Yeah, he was stud-hung!

"No, don't!" He was beginning to understand the inevitability but he still fought to pull away. "Please--please--don't. Lemme go, you fucking queer!"

I hammered my fist into his guts, and the breath whooshed from his lungs. Now he knew he was at my mercy.

I gave him a moment to recover, and then I slowly snipped up the right hip of his briefs. A patch of trimmed pubic wire appeared as his groin was exposed. A snip up the left hip, and the front of his briefs fell away. He sucked in a breath. His thick-shafted cock dangled over his testicles. Naked and trembling and quiet, he lay helpless before me, blond and tanned and virile--and ready to be trained!

Without hesitation, I grasped his limp prick and began pumping it gently. He swore and cursed and tried to

pull away, but he couldn't go far. I knew he was surely well-acquainted with the pleasure of jerking-off. Hell, when I was his age, I was ready to blast a load any time! And maybe I wasn't the first to beat his meat; maybe he'd traded hand-jobs with his buddies, maybe he'd let one of them suck ...

His iron stretched and stiffened in spite of his fear and his mumbled efforts to control it. I continued to massage it as it grew, amused at his uncontrollable, youthful sex-heat. His ramrod thrust forward into my stroking fingers, man-sized and thick and rigid. Not twenty strokes after his cock hit full erection, he bit back a sharp whimper as the first burst of cum exploded from the deep-welled crown. That's when I grabbed his nuts with my free hand and squeezed hard, and his next bellow was mixed pain and ecstasy. His sperm gushed in violent explosions, and I pressured his balls repeatedly.

Pleasure. Pain. Discipline. A wildboy ready to be tamed.

Exhausted, Jerry sagged into the chains holding him. I nursed the last droplets from his still-firm prick before releasing it. He'd had the first lesson in the course I'd planned for him; he'd reached his skyrocketing climax at the same time that he'd suffered the nuts-wrenching agony.

"Now let me go, okay? Please?" he whimpered, probably thinking the show was over. I let him rest while I cleared away the remnants of his shredded clothing. I left him chained there, blind and deaf in the helmet--"Hey! Hey, mister!"--as I took his clothes upstairs and burned everything without inspecting any of it. His name, whoever he'd been, whatever he'd done, none of that mattered anymore.

Not that the preliminary lessons were out of the way. I needed to introduce Jerry to the start of his real training program. I returned to the basement where he was still chained to the table. I peeled off my shirt and shoes and pants before stepping over to him to hand-stroke his shoulders and chest. Locked in the sightless silence of that helmet, he didn't know I was near until I touched him, and he tensed instinctively, the muscles straining beneath his bronzed skin.

His waist tapered sharply to his slim hips, and as my fingers worked downward, reaching under him to the narrow, untanned curves of his ass, he shivered with nervousness but didn't yell or curse. I traced a line back up his torso to his neck. He was in uncharted territory--likely he was accustomed to getting his rocks off and going on his way, and he couldn't fathom why he was still bound. His lower lip trembled, but he stayed silent.

I slapped the side of his neck, not hard but a firm swat. I wanted him to know that he was in for a discipline session. He tried to turn his head away. Then I got the thick leather belt and positioned myself beside him.

Christ, I wish he could have heard the warning whistle of that lash as it cut through the air, then the brutal snap as it bit at his bared chest. A slash of whiteness showed against the even bronze for an instant, then turned deep crimson, and he howled his surprise and pain into the air.

I whipped him with experienced slowness, crisscrossing his muscle-quivering chest and stomach with burning strokes. I brought up narrow ridges across his thighs with a stinging thong. His body jerked and tugged at the chains, but he was wasting his strength. When I finished, he lay limply on the table, sweating, moaning. That was his first taste of leather, but he would move to far higher levels of pain before he was satisfactorily trained.

As he recovered, once more he weakly begged me to let him go. I unfastened one wrist and attached a heavy chain from the cuffs on his wrists to those on his ankles. Then I hauled his spent body off the table and shackle-walked him into the latrine to take a leak and give him a shower.

That was part of my plan of training wildboys. I wanted to keep Jerry off-guard, never knowing when he was going to be tortured and used and when he was going to be cared for, cleaned, fed, and watched over. Yeah, I remember how he reacted to that first shower, my soapy hands roaming over his chained body, the sudden realization that we were both cock-hanging naked, the automatic resistance when my fingers explored his most intimate parts. By the way he tensed, I knew he'd never had someone probe the cleft in his butt before. Well, he'd soon get used to all of it!

So I washed him, dried him, held a straw to his lips. He tried to twist away before he realized what it was; then his lips clutched at it and he sucked greedily: water. I held the glass while he drank, fed him with my fingers. I laid him out on the table again, and soothed Jerry's whip-lashed skin with a cooling lotion. And I left him chained and helmeted and helpless. That's important. In order to break a wildboy, you've got to train him step by step. He's got to learn that he isn't worth a damn without you.

I plugged the cable into the back of the helmet. At the computer screen in the corner, I clicked on an icon and stage one began. The first part seems like nothing is happening, but that's not correct. The sensors are active, taking their readings, starting to map out the subject's biometrics. The timer is running, but the virtual reality screens in the helmet are off and the speakers are off. The subject--Jerry in this case--stays locked in darkness and silence. I left him there.

Trapped in the monotonous dark, most people's instinct is to sleep. I mean, dark and silence is boring as hell, right? But for Jerry, sensors in the helmet and straps detected every time he started to doze, and the program responded--bright flashes of light!--ear-splitting percussive bangs!--to shock him awake again. Then ... nothing. More silence, more dark, and more boredom, until he started to doze again and then ... *Flash! Bang!*

The first time, Jerry nearly panicked, but as he began to understand what was happening, he tried to find other ways to occupy himself and keep himself awake. He tried slamming his head back against the padded table, maybe to dislodge the helmet, maybe to break it and stop the shock-effects, but that helmet was built sturdily out of some of the best materials the government could afford. Thankfully I'd been able to smuggle some of the backup equipment home before the government pulled the plug on my research over "ethical concerns" and left the rest of it rotting in a warehouse somewhere.

The military, always short-sighted, had looked at our research solely in terms of making soldiers. But I knew our equipment and programs had wider uses. The military shelved our project, so I'd decided to keep going on my own, with my plan to tame wildboys.

Jerry learned slowly, but he learned. Trapped inside that helmet where he couldn't see or hear, he existed in a half-daze, trying hard to fight the all-encompassing boredom, trying not to fall asleep.

Over the next three days, the stage one timer ran. For the soldiers who had been my government-issued test subjects, stage one ran one day and was uninterrupted silence and darkness, using sensory deprivation to weaken their minds. With Jerry, I went slower, adding more time and adding sleep deprivation. I needed to wear him down extra-far, to push the program to even stronger levels of efficiency.

Dark. Silence. *Flash! Bang!* More dark. I interrupted the monotony with breaks. He had no idea of time, and I intentionally followed no set schedule. When he least expected, I was there to beat him, torture him, or to feed him, care for him. Sometimes I'd poke his mouth with a straw, and he'd grasp at it with his lips and suck whatever I'd brought for him: water, sports drinks, meal replacement shakes. Once I touched his mouth with my finger. He lip-snapped greedily at it, thinking my finger was a straw, and froze as he realized it wasn't. I slid my finger into his mouth a little. He could have bitten, but he stayed very, very still. I slid my finger out,

then back in, like it was a mini-dick. He got the idea, wrapped his tongue around my digit, and tentatively sucked. Fucking amateur! Now at least I knew the level of experience I was working with. I'd have to teach him a hell of a lot. Maybe he thought he could prick-tease me into going easy on him by seeming to cooperate, but I wasn't buying the act he was selling.

With his body spread-eagled on his back on one of my work tables and exposed my every whim, during the first two days I sandpapered the most sensitive parts of his body until he whimpered at the lightest caress. I introduced him to tit clamps, increasing the pressure at each session until those amber cones were raw and throbbing. At first he fought, but then he started to welcome my sudden sessions, since they pushed back the numbing boredom. He came to crave my touch. I used whips and lashes to add to his understanding of the levels of pain he could endure--and the levels of pleasure. Yeah, I ended each session by making him shoot his load. Also, in the latrine, I worked on his slick little tail. At first, I merely tickled his asshole with a soapy finger when I showered with him, but as he became accustomed to that, I went further. Even though he'd learned that I could do anything I wanted with his body, he couldn't keep from swearing and groaning the first time I finger-fucked him. Christ, that puckered opening was tight! So I bent him over the edge of the table facedown and went to work on spreading those ass-lips. First, just one finger. Then two. Then a small plug to hold him stretched. I had him tied down, greased and ready, because that was part of my plan. But I wasn't prepared for what happened when I eased a small dildo collar-deep into him. No, I didn't hard-ram him, but I thought for sure he'd scream and try to fight. His hole was still tight as hell, believe me, but he only hissed, "*Mister!*" That's all. Hell, I don't think I've ever taken so much time and worked up so much sweat getting a stud's ass prepared!

One thing: when I fucked him with the dildo that first time, with him chained face-down on the table, I reached under him and found he'd popped his load while I was pumping the fake cock into him. His cum was puddled around his heavy-headed prick, and he hadn't made a sound when it happened.

During all this, near the start of the third day, I unhooked the helmet from the cable that connected it to the computer. I took Jerry, shackled and still blind and deaf through the helmet, out into the backyard and threw him into the swimming pool. He'd claimed to be on the swim team, but he was chained ankles-to-wrists, and I'd never given him a chance to see the pool before I'd started his training. Hitting the water surprised the fuck out of him. He bobbed and thrashed, and I dove in and jammed him down and held his head under. Hey, the electronic parts of the helmet were waterproof--we'd built it to withstand just about everything.

I pulled him up, let him up to sputter and gasp for air, then shoved him under, again and again, until he was exhausted. At last, I hauled him out onto the concrete skirt ringing the pool, and that was when his last resistance to me melted. He knew I could have drowned him, that I had total control over his life, that I could do whatever I pleased with him. He lay there quivering and gulping for breath, finally understanding his new reality. I rested beside him, running my palms over his nakedness and calming him, and when I toyed with his cock and balls, he threw a hard-on in seconds. His body was telling me, silently, that he was ready for whatever I wanted from him.

Okay, so that was the first time I went down on Jerry. I knew he was sensitive to everything I was doing, and I tongue-lapped his sleek, athletic physique, worked my way down into his crotch, caressed his potent rod and churning balls, demonstrated everything I expected him to do. When I suctioned his powerful ram into my mouth and throat, hell, I was the one who nearly drowned! No shit--that may not have been the first blow-job he'd ever gotten, but he just plain exploded in seconds!

So, a few moments later when I poked my cock-head to his lips, he attempted to copy what I'd done. Damn, what an amateur! I guess he was trying his best, being chained and all, but he didn't know crap about how to

suck a cock. He was willing, and I didn't force him or anything like that, but I knew he was going to need a lot more training sessions before he got the hang of it.

I didn't bother him sexually for the rest of the day. If his hard-ons, coming and going with more frequency now, were any indication, he spent that third day thinking a lot about his cock in my mouth, and mine in his.

He was coming to accept anything from me, no matter what. I disciplined him, fed him, showered with him, shaved the part of his face showing beneath that helmet, whipped him, looked after him. That wildboy just gritted his teeth and said nothing. When he pissed, it ran down the slightly angled tabletop and then into a drain in the floor, and I cleaned him up with wet-wipes. When he shit, still spread-eagled on the table and helpless to hold the turd in his bowels any longer, I cleaned away the mess with more wet-wipes. He was at my mercy, and he knew it. He was coming to accept it.

At the end of three days, stage two began, and that started a whole new phase in the remaking of Jerry's mind.

Stage two started out seductive. Faint images, almost too dim to be seen, would fade in on the virtual viewer, while whispers in his ear repeated little encouragements. At first he probably wasn't even sure he was seeing or hearing something. Maybe he thought he was hallucinating; a lot of our test subjects did. The program was fishing, showing him randomly chosen images, measuring his reactions, showing more images, refining its choices, learning. The program tracked his responses, measuring little dilations or contractions in his pupils, changes in his skin conductivity, shifts in his brain waves--logging which images he reacted to positively, and which elicited negative reactions. All the while sound files of my voice, barely audible in the speakers, prepared him. *Relax. Focus. Watch. Listen. Obey.* Not quite subliminal, but close. Little words and whispers wrapping around his thoughts, guiding him. *Don't resist. Accept. Relax. Focus. Obey. Calm. Sinking. Down. Floating Down.* Whether he realized or not, he was listening, and according to the readings the program was gathering--brainwaves, heart rate, breathing--he was being led. *Feet relaxing, going limp. Calves relaxing.* He was sleep-deprived and scared, and susceptible to the whispers that promised respite. The commands were sinking in before he knew what was happening. *Legs so relaxed, so limp. Fingertips so relaxed. Hands and wrists so limp. Accept. Drift.*

I pulled up my phone app now and then to check the progress. Now that the program had gathered a repertoire of images that elicited a positive response from him, it was focusing on them, showing them over and over, lulling him with their pleasant associations. Yeah, there were times when I'd watch him lying there naked and helmeted, chained and silent, body slack, his prick stiffening and then deflating and then repeating, I'd wonder what the hell the program was using on him. I'd call up the analytics out of curiosity to see what topped the list of things my wildboy liked: puppies, chocolate cake, ice cream, beaches and lakes, bicycles. Typical boy things. Those had frequently appeared in the lists for the previous male test subjects too, and they worked well. Very, very well.

After three days of sleep deprivation, sight depravation, and sound depravation, stage two was hitting him hard. *Arms so limp. Shoulders relaxed, relaxing more. Sleep. Let yourself sleep. You can sleep now. Drifting down. Drifting into sleep. Deep, hypnotic sleep. Deeply asleep. Deeply hypnotized.* The blond wildboy never stood a chance; he was deep in hypnotic slumber before he knew what hit him.

*Breathe deeply. Rest. Sleep. Hypnotized. Listen. Obey. Open your eyes. Watch the images. Focus. Hypnotized. Feel so good. So relaxed. Obey. Focus.*

Stage two seduced, shifting from pleasant associations to the induction of deep hypnosis. It lured and lulled, caressed and coddled. It built trust. It built obedience. It monitored his brainwaves, heartbeat, respiration. The



program wormed its way into the subject's mind--Jerry's mind--and it learned quickly. It learned how to keep him hypnotized, how to get its hooks deep his higher brain functions and his psyche--and most importantly, it learned how to anchor itself there. During the first part, it learned more about Jerry and the way he thought than he himself knew. *Sleep. Deeply hypnotized. Listen. Obey. Focus. Relax. Accept*

But the program was just beginning.

I made sure I was nearby for the start of the stage three, as a precaution. Jerry's body twitched. Not a waking up twitch but a full-blown *having a nightmare* spasm. Stage two, having won his trust with images of his favorite things, was over. Now stage three was showing him images of his worst fears: dizzying heights, spiders, evil clowns. This stage was meant to break him.

Stage three pulled hard at the hooks that the second stage had set in his mind, kept him trembling at the cusp of nightmare terror, with hypnosis jacking up the impact, as the program used the equivalent of blunt force trauma to smash through Jerry's defenses and eliminate any resistance. Once stage three began, the program was relentless. It found and catalogued every crack in the target's mind. It didn't just exploit *one* of those vulnerabilities; it sledgehammered at *all* of them. When the mind started to get accustomed to one fear, the program switched to another, then another, always keeping the mind white-hot with terror.

Jerry jerked and sweated, not quite awake, not quite dreaming. That was probably a small mercy; had he been awake, he'd have been screaming until his throat was raw. By this point if he was aware at all, he probably wasn't sure whether he was seeing images or just plain hallucinating. Previous test subjects had reported a little of both.

The program monitored him, and I monitored the program carefully--fear is an effective tool but sometimes tricky, and problems can happen without much warning. I didn't want Jerry to have a heart attack. The whole point was to turn this wildboy into the living, breathing stud I wanted.

Everything the program had learned earlier, it now used to shove and bash its way into the depths of his mind, crushing any part of his psyche that tried to resist, breaking down his concept of himself, blasting away at his very self. Six hours because eight, then twelve. Most previous subjects lasted ten or twelve hours, a few just past eighteen, but terror and confronting one's most powerful phobias takes a hard toll on the mind, exhausts it quickly, pushes it inevitably to a point of yes, a point where the mind will say yes to anything, agree to anything without reservation in order to escape the seemingly endless panic.

Jerry spasmed. The program had mostly paralyzed him by using fright to overstimulate his amygdala--that's the part of the brain that cancels out the mind's physical control of the body's muscles; it creates the familiar *deer in the headlights* freeze effect. Aside from a jerk here or a shudder there, Jerry couldn't move--his own brain had made sure of that.

Just past thirteen hours and fifteen minutes, the program sent a message to the mobile app on my phone: Jerry was almost at the breaking point, almost ready. I wanted to see this.

In spite of the paralysis, his body trembled in the chains, practically vibrating. Soon. In just moments he would be there, *right there*. Already the program was probably whispering about a way out, an escape, about safety, about deep hypnosis, deeper than ever, an end to the fear. *Spiders, evil clowns, drowning, falling from great heights, endless, unable to stop*. Jerry gasped and sweated. Soon his desperate mind would say *yes*, yes to anything, anything to escape. After more than thirteen hours, and from what I was seeing on the monitors, he couldn't take much more, but still he held on somehow.

Thirteen hours and twenty-eight minutes, almost exactly: Jerry broke.

The key to this part of stage three was simple compulsion. Confronted with unending, ratcheting fear, the mind compelled itself to flee, but the program prevented any relief until the psyche reached the breaking point. Then something very, very simple happened: The program whispered a way to escape, a trigger phrase that the mind remembered from earlier, when it was deeply hypnotized. In its worn-down state, the defenseless and despairing mind experienced no difference between being compelled into hypnosis and being offered an escape into hypnosis. All the mind had to do was say *yes* and let the program take over completely. All the mind had to do was step back from the fear, let go, let itself be dissolved, let the whispers take full control.

I was there watching Jerry when his mind said *yes*. He gave a quiet, involuntary gasp, and then his body slowly went limp, all tension draining away, and he sighed as the program pushed him into the deepest hypnotic state yet and took command of him completely. No more resistance.

The key to the compulsion to say *yes* was to bring the shattering mind to the point where it fully, completely, utterly welcomed the escape. All of the conscious and subconscious barriers were down, worn down by the program's focused attacks. No reservations. No hesitation. Now the program's whispers filled his psyche, having bored down all the way into his core, and Jerry's mind was being taken apart.

Now stage four began.

Oh, the military had been happy with our research, initially. We had found a way to program soldiers, whether fresh recruits or experienced warriors, and create fighters who existed for no purpose other than following orders without hesitation or fear. Boot camp broke down barriers and allowed the recruits to be remade into soldiers, but the process was slow--weeks!--and expensive, inefficient, unreliable, and incomplete. Our process reengineered the mind and cut the time to days and raised the efficiency to one hundred percent. Best of all, it was permanent. Where we had gone wrong was in overstepping our directive. Perhaps, I thought at the time, we could press the results even further by removing any knowledge of life before the military. As far as the subject was concerned, he was only a soldier, had never been anything but a soldier, and would always be a soldier. No life distractions and no problems that resulted from social or cultural norms which conflicted with his orders. Total focus on the military as his family and his way of life. I'd been working on a subroutine to introduce a kind of specialized amnesia. The bureaucrats in charge of our funding decided this was far too much. Citing "ethical concerns," they canceled our funding and our project. I had just completed the amnesia module and was working on the integration into the main program when the funding was cut. The bureaucrats had our equipment boxed up and shipped off to gather dust in some warehouse.

But not before I'd snuck home a couple of the backup helmets and a copy of the updated program. That was what was running now and leading Jerry into stage four. Now I was going to find whether our research worked on wildboys as well as it had on the military test subjects.

Stage four didn't look like much from the outside. The subject's body was limp, as if he were comatose. But on the inside?--Fireworks. All of the mental defenses were down as the mind stayed submerged in a deep hypnotic state. The program worked hard and fast at redesigning the subject's unresisting psyche. The charts and graphs and numbers on the monitor jumped and danced. In his receptive state, Jerry was being taught; he was being remade.

Every mind learned at its own pace. Stage four took three to four days, sometimes longer. I hooked up an

intravenous drip to feed fluids into the wildboy's body to prevent dehydration while he was unconscious. I cleaned him when he voided bodily wastes. The program cared for his mind, and I cared for his body.

I was upstairs asleep when the monitor by my bed brought Jerry's voice to me and woke me: "Mister?"

I'd slept through the "end of process" pings from my phone app. I hustled down to the basement to where Jerry lay chained and helmeted. How long had he been out of stage four? I checked the screen. Stage four had ended only about five minutes before. Okay, I hadn't lost much time.

Jerry couldn't see or hear a thing inside the helmet, and all of a sudden, he was calling out frantically, "Mister? *Mister?*" His body glistened with sweat. He didn't know I was there until I laid my hand on his shoulder, and then he pressed the side of his face against my hand, just holding there and whispering, "Mister ... Mister ...," over and over again.

I think Jerry had learned that the worst pain a wildboy can feel is being left all alone, unable to see or hear and being chained up so he's helpless with no one around, and needing the man he's come to rely on.

I unfastened the straps and took off the helmet. When I saw the blank look in Jerry's eyes, as he blinked under the dim light, I knew he was ready to start his new life. These first few minutes after sight and sound are restored were critical, as his newly retrained mind sought to imprint on a role model, like a fresh-hatched duckling imprinting on its mama. For the military subjects, we used a superior officer, someone they could respect and look up to. But Jerry?--He would have me as his role model.

He blinked and searched, found my face and locked onto my eyes. "Hello, Jerry," I greeted him, giving him his new name.

Jerry has never talked about anything that happened to him before I brought him here, and I think he's forgotten all of it. The amnesia module worked perfectly. Whoever he was before was wiped away, but the skills he learned before remained. As far as he is concerned, his name's always been Jerry and he's always lived here. He still wears the chain collar I locked around his neck that first night; he wears it proudly as a sign of belonging. Sure, he's free to leave any time, but he's never run away. Unless we're going into town or out in public, he seldom wears the clothes I've bought him, with one exception: I don't know why, but he insists on wearing trunks when he swims in the pool. His tan has deepened, and the contrast of that flesh-pale strip at his hips is always enough to give me a hard-on. Interestingly, he doesn't seem aware that he's a damned-hot blond god, and that's quite a change from when he was a wildboy!

Of course, I still have to discipline him at times, and sometimes he needs a refresher, either of pain or pleasure. The moment I take him into my basement, his prick snaps to attention. Sometimes I'll pick up the whip and the tit-clamps to introduce him to pain again. Or sometimes I'll strap the helmet onto his head for a couple of hours of ecstasy and hypnotic reinforcement; now that the program has its hooks in his mind, it can lead him into deep hypnosis in minutes. I make sure there's no pattern to the type of refresher, whether pain or pleasure, he's going to receive when I take him into the basement. Jerry's learned the need for control and the relationship of pleasure and pain, believe me! He's also learned that I expect him to take me off when I'm horny, and I really think he's happiest when he's getting my cum down his throat or up his ass. One of my friends says that Jerry's the "ultimate sex slave," but I don't pretend to know about slavery. Jerry merely does what he wants to do. So what if he doesn't realize the program replaced everything he might have wanted before with everything he wants now.

With all of the preconceptions and expectations fed into him during his earlier eighteen years blown away,

Jerry's true personality was able to form and emerge. He was curious about everything, loving, loyal--and incredibly enthusiastic in bed. He also had a nurturing streak, and he talked a lot about wanting to share my retraining plan and the gift of control with other wildboys. I had a few ideas along that line too.

Well, one night we were watching a television movie about a hunky, black-haired teenager named Bud who was a real fuck-up and got in trouble with the law. I wasn't paying much attention, but Jerry seemed engrossed in the show. "That Bud's a wildboy," Jerry declared suddenly. "He needs to learn control!" And that started me on another test of my wildboy plan.

Jerry may have suspected I was working on something after that, but I doubt that he had any idea of what it was. I set up a schedule, leaving him locked in the bedroom each afternoon while I went out to prepare the next step in my plan.

Finally, I had everything ready, and when I opened the door to the bedroom, Jerry was sitting on the floor, head down and naked, his hands and ankles together as if he were chained. He looked up at me, and I saw the sadness and uncertainty in his gaze. "Am I being punished, Mister?"

These last few days I'd been locking Jerry in the bedroom when I left, which I hadn't done before. I hadn't given him an explanation, and he hadn't asked questions, until now. I wasn't punishing him--I just needed him to be out of sight, just in case.

"I'm sorry for whatever I did. I love you, Mister. Please don't be mad at me ..."

One of my rules about wildboys, even ex-wildboys, was I never said *I love you* back to them. Instead, I said, "You're not being punished. Let's go, Jerry."

"Okay, Mister."

He always called me *Mister* as if that were my name.

He stood up, looking repentant, obeying me automatically. Damn it, he'd never looked more handsome and virile!

I led him to the basement. I knew he was unsure of what was in store, maybe was expecting a little discipline refresher, but he followed obediently. His prick stiffened as he entered the room where he'd learned about pain and pleasure, and he blinked with surprise when he spotted the youth chained face-down on the padded table, naked and helmeted and gagged.

Yeah, I'd kidnapped another wildboy, just as I'd kidnapped Jerry. This one was short and compact-bodied--a rugged, black-haired show-off--and I knew from the moment I saw him loitering outside the college that he was a ready candidate for training. No lie, after I'd picked him up a couple of times, he was waiting with his shirt unbuttoned to show his solid, lightly haired pecs, and he also made clear that he wasn't shy about having his dick sucked!

Jerry inspected him carefully. The new wildboy was bent over the edge of the table, his legs spread and chained to the table legs, his torso folded forward cross the padded top, arms stretched out by the chains as if he were reaching for the opposite legs, his ass stuck out as if ready to be mounted.

Jerry checked the teenager's helmet and bindings, and then he looked at me intently. "What's his name, Mister?"

"Oh, I don't know." I wondered if Jerry remembered what he'd been called before I renamed him. "What do you think?"

"He's Bud," Jerry answered with sureness, perhaps recalling that television show. "And he's a wildboy." He ran his palms over the youth's muscle-ridged back, then the bubbled butt held fuck-high at the edge of the table, and suddenly he jammed one hand between the spread legs to grip the stud's dangling testicles. "He needs to learn discipline and control."

Bud struggled and bellowed around the gag as Jerry's fingers tightened about his balls, and I remembered how I began Jerry's training. "Think you can teach him, Jerry?"

He looked at me, smiling brightly. "Oh, definitely! Yes, sir!"

"Then you better get started."

Jerry released Bud's nuts and went to my collection of whips and straps at the far side of the room. I wondered which one he'd start with and--damn, instead he picked up the tube of lubricant and started to grease his soaring hard-on!

I'd never thought of that. Jerry had never screwed a stud in the ass, and here was Bud stretched out, stripped, bent over the table, and butt-out, like I'd had Jerry regularly. Yeah, Jerry was nuts-hot to fuck our new wildboy and find out how exactly how great I felt when I got into Jerry's asshole!

He moved in behind Bud, gripped the kid's buns and spread them, guided the inflamed tip of his slicked and swollen iron to the exposed opening and held it there, nudging a little, not ramming but nursing those tender ass-lips apart, just the way I had done when I busted Jerry's cherry that first night after I took the helmet off of him and led him up to my bedroom.

Hell, Bud was a lot wiser to male-sex than Jerry had been. He'd had his cock sucked, so maybe he'd done some sucking himself, fucked, been fucked maybe. But Jerry was sticking him with one hell of a chunk of meat, inch by inch, the way I'd--

Jerry was balls-deep into Bud, his flesh-pale ass offered to me and--damn, I was horny! I lubed my meat-bat and eased it all the way into that tight little asshole of Jerry's. Fuck, he'd always taken it like--

"Thanks," he whispered, laying his head back against my shoulder, his dick buried in Bud's tail, mine in his. "Thanks, Mister!"

I locked my arms about Jerry and ran my fingers over his muscle-taut physique, and he sighed in total submission as I began pumping my meat into him, his meat into Bud.

This handsome young athlete was mine completely, and there'd be others after we finished training Bud!

Yeah, the world's full of wildboys in need of control and discipline. But Jerry will always be Number One as far as I'm concerned!

## **2. Bud**

Aside from being a wildboy, Bud was much different from what Jerry had been before I trained him. Physically, Jerry was blond and swimmer-built, while Bud was short and compactly muscled and black-

haired. But when I first spotted him thumbing for a ride in front of the local college, I knew Bud was another good candidate for training. That's why I picked him up immediately, without working out his class schedule the way I had with Jerry.

"Shit!" Bud said as he slid in to my car. "I'm sure glad you came along. I was starting to think I'd have to walk all the way home!"

As before, I didn't ask his name or exactly where he lived, but I quickly learned that his favorite word was *shit!*

"Hitch-hiking's dangerous," I suggested. "All sorts of perverts in the world. Ever think about that?"

"Shit, I can take care of myself." Bud slouched back, legs spread, crotch humped. "Know what I mean?"

"Sure." I smiled at his cockiness. "You look like a real can-do stud."

With that, he began the usual wildboy bragging, punctuated regularly with *shit!* I studied him openly from time to time as I drove toward the part of town where he said he lived, and I could tell he enjoyed the attention. He had cute, almost boyish features offset by thick eyebrows and clean-shaven, stubble-blued jaws, and his T-shirt hugged his bulky shoulders and muscle-curved torso, the rolled-up sleeves emphasizing his solid biceps. And all the time I was checking him out, I knew he was doing the same to me.

"This close enough?" I asked as I stopped the car at the cross-streets he'd named.

"Sure. I live right down the road."

"I pass the college every day," I lied. "Maybe I'll pick you up again tomorrow."

"Okay." He slid out and slammed the door. "Thanks, Mister."

I almost roared because he'd used the same name Jerry had given me. *Mister!* With that, he tromped off down the street as if he were marching to the music of a distant band, the bubble-rounded cheeks of his ass bouncing rhythmically.

My wildboy was waiting when I pulled up in front of the college the next day, and he hopped into the car without hesitation.

"Shit!" he grumbled as he settled on the seat beside me. "These new jeans are killing me."

I glanced at the crisp denim slicked to his powerful thighs, and I couldn't help noticing the bright metal button open at the base of his fly. "You're not fastened all the way down."

He saw where I was looking. "I gotta to leave that button undone. If I don't, shit, I'll have a hard-on all the time."

"Yeah?"

"They don't make jeans big enough in the crotch for guys like me." He stroked the male bulge tauntingly. "Know what I mean?"

"Sure. I have the same trouble."

"Shit, I can't keep my pecker down, especially when I'm wearing new jeans."

"That's what you get for being such a stud," I said to flatter him. "I bet your pals wish they were packing as much meat down there as you are."

"I guess so. Yeah, you're right. They're real jealous of me!"

Damn, he was the perfect wildboy when it came to flattery! I egged him on by talking about how well-built he was, how he must have grown up faster than his pals, how he must need plenty of action to keep his nuts drained, and he swallowed it all like a shark taking live bait. My plan was progressing much faster than it had with Jerry.

On the third day, the youth was dressed in well-worn jeans, and his button-fronted shirt was spread open halfway down, more than enough to expose a glimpse of his solid chest and the dusting of dark hair across it. As he slid into my car, he slouched in the seat and spread his legs as if making a point of showing me that the bottom button on his fly was unfastened in spite of the broken-in condition of his jeans. Damn, he was a sexy stud!

"Shit," he said in greeting. "I almost didn't wait for you to come by. This cock-sucker I knew wanted to give me a ride."

"What makes you think he's a cock-sucker?" I asked, hiding my amusement at his show-off brashness.

Bud shrugged. "He's picked me up before." He stretched lazily, displaying his thick-muscled physique and the mound in his crotch. "He never can wait to go down on my meat."

"Really?"

"Shit, one time he took me up in the hills, and all I had to do was pull out my dick and lie back while he sucked the hell out of it."

"You like that, huh?"

"I like getting my nuts off, that's for damn sure," he boasted, knowing I was watching his fingers outline the swelling rod inside his jeans. "Last time, he wanted me to strip down so he could give me a tongue-job all over before he gobbled on my sausage and nuts."

"Did you do it?"

"Sure as shit did. When I'm horny--" He broke off, then recovered. "Shit, maybe I'm oversexed. That's what this chick I'm balling says. I'm going to screw her blind on Saturday night."

"Hot date, huh?"

"The hottest, man. My roommates are out of town this weekend, and we'll have the house to ourselves." He wet his lips, groped his hidden genitals. "She loves to suck my dick. I'm gonna make her suck it all night long, if I don't get some action before then."

"Men are better at sucking cock," I said pointedly, and I saw him glance at the growing bulge in my pants.

"You know that, right?"

"Shit, yeah." The wildboy pointed to the intersection ahead. "This is where that guy turned off when he took me up to the hills."

"Yeah?" I knew he was hinting, damn near begging, and I was tempted to give in and made the turn, but I knew I should stick to my plan. Instead, I put off the pleasure of sex by offering my own hint. "I wouldn't mind taking a drive up there with you, but I've got to get to an appointment in a few minutes."

He gave a grunt, and I suspect this was the first time he'd ever been turned down. Without knowing, he'd begun his training.

"Mister?" he asked sullenly as I slowed to the corner where I always dropped him off. "Want to, you know, come up to my house? Nobody's there."

"I've got an appointment," I reminded him, and I reached over to clamp him on the thigh, buddy-like. My fingers were inches from his prick-marked crotch, and I was sure he got the message. "See you tomorrow."

"Yeah, sure thing," he muttered, and he waited for me to do whatever his friendly cock-sucker had done. When I didn't go further, he grumbled, "Shit ...," and got out of my car. "Tomorrow."

My hand tingled from the sensation of having touched him for the first time, but I let him go with the certainty that making him wait would prepare him for his journey into true manhood. I could have put the make on him at that moment. I could have tasted his cock and explored his maturing masculinity. I could have given in to the basic urge heating me. But that wouldn't do. He was a wildboy, and training him was more important.

All this time, I'd kept my plan a secret from Jerry, and I could tell he was confused. Each day I locked him in the bedroom when I went out, and when I returned, I knew he wanted to question me but didn't dare. On the other hand, he was more eager than ever to please me, innocently helping me set up the house for the new wildboy and swinging on my cock hungrily.

On Friday afternoon, I locked Jerry in the bedroom because I needed him out of the way. I made the final preparations in the basement, and took off to pick up the wildboy. The youth was waiting in front of the college, cocky and showing off. "Shit," he said predictably as he climbed into the car. "Thank God it's Friday!"

"Ready for a big weekend, stud?"

"I'm always ready," he snickered and thumb-stroked the well-worn crotch of his Jeans. "Know what I mean?"

"Sure." I steered the car down the street, then dropped one hand from the steering wheel to his leg, just below the fingers he was using to grope at his hidden genitals. He didn't object. I said, "You in a hurry to get home?"

"What for?" He slouched back and folded his arms behind his head, leaving his thighs spread and his trimly muscled physique offered. "Shit, I got nothing to do until my date tomorrow night with that chick I told you about. Remember?"

"Right." I kept my hand where it was, amused that he made no effort to move it or pull away. "I bet you're going to have a ball."

"I've got two of them working full-blast right now."



"Oh? Horny, huh?"

"You know it!" He looked at me, then at my fingers inches from his bulging crotch. "Maybe we could take a drive up in the hills, huh?"

"I was thinking about going over to my place," I suggested, certain he'd agree to anything if he thought he was going to get his cock sucked. "You know ... Relax. Have a drink. Let your nuts cool off."

"I dunno." He was playing coy, a wildboy's game, and suddenly he changed his mind. "Shit. Okay. I need to get my nuts cooled off, that's for sure!"

I drove him to my house with the same sureness I'd shown when I brought Jerry there. This Bud was more sex-wise, more experienced, than Jerry had been, and maybe he'd be even more of a challenge. I knew for certain he needed the discipline I had in store for him! I enjoyed the way he continued to brag about how horny he was, how he was going to screw his chick the next night, how he was *always ready*. He was ready for manhood, that's what he was ready for!

"Make yourself at home," I told him as I led him into the living room, peeling off my shirt casually. "Strip down while I pour the drinks, if you want to."

"Uh ... Sure, Mister."

Once again he'd called me *Mister*, and he went on to obey my order. While I filled glasses at the bar, I could see him unbuttoning his shirt, taking it off, showing his solid, wide-shouldered build, rubbing his palms over his thick-plated chest and spreading the slick hairs toward his amber nipples, flexing his strongly developed muscles. Man, what a sexy little hunk! I gave him an appreciative grin as I passed him his drink.

He took a long swallow of the liquor, then set the glass down on the coffee table and faced me, wildboy-confident. "Want to see the rest?" he taunted, running his fingertips along the low-slung waist of his jeans.

"Sure, why not?" I replied. "I figure on doing more than just looking before you leave."

He smirked. "Shit, that's what I thought."

He began opening his fly one button at a time, revealing his flattened belly and the trimmed tangle of pubic hair at his groin. No underwear. "The guy who took me up in the hills, he dug having me strip down in the bushes before he sucked me off." Bud hunched forward to peel off his jeans, and the bubbled-roundness of his untanned ass was smooth and tempting. "He liked to watch, and then he'd lick me all over, suck my tits, tongue my asshole, do all that good shit before he went down on me." Naked, he straightened to face me again. "Like what I've got, Mister?"

"Damn right," I admitted. His thighs were fleece-lined and as powerfully muscled as the rest of his body, and his mature, average-sized erection stuck out like a lever over his loosened testicles, looking far bigger because of his short frame. "You aren't shy about going bare-ass, huh?"

"Shit!" he answered predictably, and he reached down to caress his meat with his fingers. "I'm not shy about *anything*--know what I mean?"

"Have a seat and finish your drink, stud."

"Okay." He slouched onto the couch, his legs spread, his heavy-headed prick hovering over the cushion, and

he picked up his glass again. "Some of the guys at school act real nervous about going around nude, even in the locker room. But not me. I don't mind--" He broke off as I started to unfasten my trousers. "Hey, Mister, what're ya doing?"

"I'm like you when it comes to being naked." I knew he was watching as I peeled off my pants casually. "No hang-ups, right?" I dropped my pants onto a chair, next to the shirt I'd pulled off earlier.

"I don't go for any of that queer shit," he warned, drinking fast. "If you want to work on my rod, that's okay, but--"

"I'll work on it, believe me," I assured him with a chuckle. "Before you leave here, that pole of yours will be drained and limp as an old rag."

"Yeah? Heard that before. I don't wear out easy, Mister," he bragged. "Especially not when I'm as horny as I am now."

I let him go on with his expected wildboy talk about what a stud he was, and then I gave him the same *need to close the curtains* line I'd given Jerry. I wandered around behind the couch where I'd hidden the ether-filled mask earlier and slipped it out of the plastic bag.

When I clapped the mask over his face, Bud fought and grabbed at my arm and bellowed a muffled, "Shit!"--and that was his mistake; he had to take a breath afterward. In seconds he was wobbling, and soon after that he was unconscious.

Following my plan, I hauled him down to my basement, silently thanking him for saving me the trouble of stripping him. I laid him face-down over the table, bent over the edge, and chained his ankles to the legs on one side, his wrists stretched across and chained to the other side. When I had him secured, his back and ass were laid out for the kind of discipline every wildboy needs. Okay, so I paused to stroke his upturned tail and reach between his arched thighs to toy with his dangling nuts and prick. Damn nice!

I shaved his head with the clippers and put the helmet on him and locked the straps; then I left him while I went to get Jerry. I've already described how Jerry followed me back to the basement, naked and cock-hot because he expected another pain-and-pleasure discipline refresher session, how he viewed our new wildboy, how he named him Bud, how he chose to fuck the hunky stud instead of beating him, how I ended up plugging Jerry's butt at the same time.

As a test of my control, I let Jerry teach Bud the importance of discipline. I thought my first wildboy might recall the time when I'd trained him, but he had never given an indication of remembering anything from before the program was finished with him. I showed Jerry all about how the program worked, how to read the graphs and indicators. Jerry's nurturing side came out full-blast, and he learned eagerly. He loved the idea of helping our new wildboy Bud learn control and discipline.

During stage one, locked in the sightless, soundless helmet, Bud lay across the table. For hours on end, Jerry talked to Bud about becoming a real man, even though Bud couldn't hear a word, and occasionally Jerry reinforced his lecture by using some of the sex-equipment in the basement. I soon realized from the initial sensor results that the usual forms of discipline and sensory deprivation weren't going to work as well with Bud. Stage one was going to take longer for him.

At the same time, both Jerry and I got intimately acquainted with Bud's short, muscular physique and ever-ready cock, and we fucked his bubbled ass and sucked his horny prick regularly. I've never known a guy who

could churn up a load as fast as Bud could; make him cum, and thirty seconds later he had another load of spunk, just as big, waiting to be delivered.

Soon Bud accepted having his butt plugged and welcomed getting jerked or sucked--orgasm made a great distraction from the monotony inside the helmet--but he flatly refused to gulp on the meat Jerry and I pressed to his lips under the helmet. I knew that would be his ultimate test, and I began to wonder how long until he'd give in.

"Mister," Jerry finally suggested, "Bud sure needs an awful lot of sex. What would happen if he didn't get his rocks off for a while?"

Sexual depravation? Might work. So I changed my tactics.

I rigged up the camera to feed faint images into the virtual reality screens in the helmet. Bud's jaw was set in defiance, but he couldn't help grinning when I started playing with his dick. "Getting to like that rod, Mister?" he asked, still cocky as hell. "Shit, I'll give you a mouthful of cum anytime."

I tugged the heavy flesh-column and felt it stretch and stiffen. A pearl of pre-cum appeared on his cock-slit. I wiped it away with a finger, then I put that digit against his lip. "Shit!" Bud growled, turning his head away. "Stick it in my mouth, and I'll bite it off!"--and I believed he would.

Anyway, I had him full-hard by then, and my own cock was blazing hot. Like I said before, Bud was a damn sexy stud, but I wasn't going to give in, and that's when Jerry went to work. He got down in front of me and started licking my nuts, sucking my iron, going for broke, and in no time at all, we were into some of the best sex we'd ever had. And all hard-up Bud could do was just watch the images of us on the helmet screens and get even hornier!

So that was the way we started to break Bud of his wildboy habits. We went on feeding him, showering and shaving him, doing everything except letting him pop the load building in his nuts. I made sure Jerry was there, watching and learning, whenever I made an adjustment to program, and I made sure Jerry regularly checked the readouts that monitored Peter's status and biometrics. At night, we set the audio feed running into his helmet so Bud could hear us fucking before bed, even if he couldn't see what we were doing. In no time he was sporting a constant hard-on, and he became quieter and quieter.

Two days later, probably longer than he had ever gone without cumming, he was ready for stage two. To say his sleep- and sex-deprived mind responded well to the pleasure-based hypnosis was an understatement.

When the mind-breaking stage three began, Bud's façade started to crack almost immediately. He lasted only six hours before he gave up the fight, practically a new record for speed.

Stage four usually takes a three or four days. Bud's reprogramming was finished in just over fifty-nine hours.

"Shit, Mister," he murmured, his voice almost childlike. I'd freed him from the helmet and chains just an hour before. Jerry and I had sat and talked with him for those critical first minutes while his reorienting mind imprinted on us; then I helped Bud up the stairs and into the shower, and fitted a chain collar like Jerry's around his neck and locked it in place. Now Bud stood fresh-scrubbed and fresh-shaven at the foot of my bed, waiting. He kept his head down, gazing at his potent erection, which stuck out and up at a forty-five degree angle, hard and needy. He hadn't cum in days. "Lemme sleep with you and Jerry tonight. I'm so fucking horny ... Please, Mister?"

"What for?" I mocked, sprawling naked on my back on the bed with my hands behind my head.

"Shit, I can do anything he can. I'll do anything you want." After being alone, locked in silence and darkness so much of the last few days, Bud's mind probably craved social contact. He probably needed that as much as he needed sexual relief.

"Yeah?" I tested him: "What do you want to do, Bud?"

"Anything you say, Mister," he mumbled without looking up. "Suck your cock. Lick your balls. Eat your ass. Let you fuck my ass. Anything."

"How about Jerry?"

"Him, too. Anything."

I looked over at Jerry and grinned. "Okay."

Bud stood there for a moment, and then he crawled onto the bed between my spread legs. He studied my exposed genitals as though he'd never seen a man's equipment before, and suddenly he dropped forward to bury his face in my crotch. I heard and felt him inhale my scent deeply, as if taking an intoxicant, and then his lips were caressing my balls, his tongue washing them, his mouth suctioning them hungrily. I lay back, letting him take his time without forcing him, and he inched upward to my pre-cum-dripping erection, nuzzled it, took the tip in his mouth, then more and more of the head and shaft.

That's when Jerry eased closer on the bed beside me, stripped and prick-hot and virile. He gave me a smile that said he was as pleased as I was that Bud had given up being a wildboy. The reprogramming had been a complete success. Then Bud was sucking the hell out of my cock, and when I couldn't hold back any more, I hung on to Jerry's shoulder with one hand and cupped the back of Bud's head with the other while I popped my load into our ex-wildboy's throat. Damn right I popped!

As soon as I'd gone dry, Bud twisted over and went to work on Jerry, repeating everything he'd done to me, and in only a few minutes Bud was swallowing more fresh cum. Then I hauled him up between us, and Bud lay back his eyes clenched shut, gulping for air. I ran my fingers over his solid, heaving chest and downward over his tensed torso, and I couldn't keep from grinning at his rigid cock, the thick shaft slapped back against his belly, a drizzle of pre-cum oozing from the tip. Yeah, he was nuts-aching hot!

"Please, I need to cum," Bud begged. His body trembled. "Please, Jerry? Please, Mister?"

I slid my hand into his crotch, toyed with his bulging testicles, then gripped his full-swollen prick, and he squirmed in his need for relief. Jerry teased one of Bud's nipples, pinched, pulled gently.

"Mister!" Bud hissed as I stroked his rod with a firm grip, and then as the blond twisted that nipple harder Bud bellowed, "Jerry!" I felt his load charge up from his churning nuts. "*Agh! Shit!*" Damn it, Bud sure creamed his guts out! The first blast sprayed all the way to his face, and I watched with admiration as stream after stream of ropey sperm cascaded from his hose.

When it finally ended, he seemed to pass out, and I looked up to find Jerry sharing my appreciation from the other side of the cum-washed stud. Without a word, Jerry shifted and licked Bud clean, and then all three of us slept, naked and locked together.

I was discovering my plan for training wildboys needed flexibility. The military had wanted its test subjects all trained the same way, a cookie-cutter approach to making mass quantities of identical, reliable soldiers. But with wildboys, maybe each needed to be handled a little differently. Jerry's training started one way, Bud's another, but they ended up undergoing the same general process and coming out with the same result. I discovered that they seemed to share a special relationship as a result. For the first few days, Bud went around in a daze just as Jerry had, as his new, true personality started to surface. That's the most important part of wildboy training.

I woke up to hear the two youths splashing in the swimming pool. When I went out onto the deck, they were thrashing around like a pair of puppies, Jerry in his swim-trunks, Bud bare-ass and hunky as hell. The moment Bud saw me, he hauled out of the water and came toward me, bright-eyed and eager and cock-swinging.

"Shit!" he greeted me with a grin, and I knew all the training in the world wouldn't scrub that word from his vocabulary. "We've got to do something about Jerry, Mister! He keeps wearing those damn shorts. How the hell are we going to fuck his ass when he stays dressed up like that?"

"Maybe he doesn't want to get his ass sunburned," I suggested.

"Shit, I never thought of that." Naked Bud stood in front of me for a moment, and then he humped forward to wrap his arms about me. "You're the greatest, Mister!" he murmured, squirming against me. "When I woke up this morning, it was like always, you on one side of me and Jerry--"

"Like always?" I questioned, rubbing my palms over his damp back and rounded tail, and I wondered if he remembered when I'd first brought him here as another test of my wildboy plan. "Always?"

"Sure. Shit, I always wake up before you and Jerry. I like to watch your dicks wake up before you guys do!"

As with Jerry, Bud's previous life was forgotten. The amnesia module did its work very well.

But that was about all they had in common. Sure, they sucked and fucked and slept and played together, but Jerry always seemed close to me, while Bud was--well, he was a character, short, muscular, and all-man.

Then there was the day Bud wanted to use my car to drive Jerry into town for some ice cream. Another test of my plan? I let them go, and they were back in an hour or so, loaded with ice cream and grinning like a couple of idiots. They repeated their trip the following two days, and I suspected they were up to something. Naturally, I figured I'd find out soon enough so I didn't question them.

I found out the next afternoon.

"Hey, Mister!" Bud bellowed as he and Jerry burst through the front door, returning from another trip to town. "We got company! Meet our new pal Red!"

"That ain't my name," the redheaded teenager with them announced as he slouched inside and kicked the door shut behind him. "But I guess that don't make no never-mind, right?"

Another wildboy! Red was tall and athletic, probably nineteen or twenty. A tangle of auburn hair, almost long enough to brush his shoulders, tumbled down over his forehead and wreathed his cowboy-rugged face. His T-shirt adhered snugly to his well-muscled physique, tightly enough to show the pointed tips of his nipples. Well-worn jeans lapped at his slim hips and powerful legs.

"Glad to meet you, Red," I said, wondering what the hell Jerry and Bud had in mind.

"I bet you are," he smirked, stuffing his hands into his back pockets and stretching his pants to display his mounded crotch. "The guys tell me you're a fucking fruit."

I blinked with surprise and turned to the youths I'd thought I'd trained.

"It's okay, Mister," Jerry said solemnly, but his eyes twinkled with amusement. "Red knows the score. He'd had plenty of gay guys suck on his joint."

"Shit," Bud added confidently. "He works at the ice cream store, but he lifts weights at the gym. Man, you oughta see his build!" He spun to Red. "Take off your shirt and show him! That'll tum him on!"

"Yeah, okay!" Red gripped the base of his T-shirt and skinned it up slowly, showing his taut abdomen, his pale freckled skin, his sharply defined chest with the lush tits at each side, his shoulders. Talk about a striptease! Stripped to the waist, he rubbed his palms over his bared frame proudly, then gripped the front of his jeans with sensuous sureness. "Want to see the rest of it, mister?"

"Show him what you're packing, Red!" Bud urged. "Shit, let's all strip down and take turns fucking his face!"

"Hell," Red smirked arrogantly, "that ain't the only part of him I'm about to fuck!"

It was all funny and horny and crazy, all at the same time. Jerry and Bud were tugging off their clothes, showing the chains I'd locked around their necks, and Red was unbuttoning the fly of his pants, spreading the flaps, showing he wasn't wearing underwear, revealing his starch-pale belly, then his amber pubic hair, and finally exposing his half-hard cock and balls.

"How about that, Mister?" Jerry exclaimed. "Doesn't Red have a great cock?"

Red had nice equipment, nothing unusual, but he reacted to Jerry's flattery as if he were the champion stud at the county fair. Red flexed his muscles, worshipped his nakedness with his fingers, showed off in true wildboy style, and he didn't notice Bud slip behind the couch and return with the ether-soaked mask. Now I knew what they had in mind for Red!

"Hungry, Mister?" the auburn-haired bodybuilder sneered, kicking his shed pants aside. "Come and get it, cock-sucker!"

Smothering a laugh at his insolence, I knelt in front of him, and his prick snapped the rest of the way to attention almost as soon as I touched it. Wildboy! I nibbled at the hard-tipped crown, licked the vein-etched shaft, gulped down on the throbbing column, and I knew Jerry and Bud were sharing my amusement as they closed in on him.

"Gosh!" Jerry. "I bet he's never sucked off a stud like you, Red!"

"Shit!" Bud. "Give it to him hard, Red! Fuck his face! Go, man, go!"

"Damn right!" Red bragged, hammering his rod into my mouth like a ferret in heat, and I brought one hand up to grasp his sex-tight nuts. "Yeah, you're going to get my cum!" he moaned. "The best load you ever got! I've been saving it up for--" He broke off, and I knew Jerry and Bud were behind him, seizing his arms. "Hey!--What--?" I pulled off his rigid prick and clenched his balls firmly! "Ow!--Fuck--!"

"Shut up!" Bud barked, and when I looked up, he was glaring at Red, short and strong and man-sure, while they held him. Jerry had one arm around Red's to restrain it, his other arm around Red's neck. Bud held on to Red's other arm and had the ether mask pressed over Red's twisting face. Red jerked, and I grabbed hold of his legs to make kicking and struggling harder. "Mister can make mush out of your nuts," Bud declared, "but that isn't the way you need to be trained!" Red began to sag into their arms. "Shit, you ain't a wildboy," he told Red's slumping form. "You're a fucking dog! A fucking dog!"

Another facet of Bud's new personality had appeared, a casually dominant side, and I let him handle the clipping-away of Red's shaggy hair, let Bud handle Red's conversion too. For the several days of isolation, Bud stayed close to Red in the basement, and I suspect he used a great deal of pain during stage one to conquer Red's overwhelming ego. At Bud's request, I made a few changes to the reprogramming part of stage four and had the new version ready and waiting for when Red's training progressed to that point.

Eight and a half days after Red had walked into my house, the program announced stage four was complete.

Jerry and I were horsing around naked in the living room that night, not really having sex but teasing each other, getting each other horny as hell. I had let Bud be the one there for Red's imprinting, and now they were in the bathroom, where Bud was putting the groggy redhead through the shower. Then Bud led Red in by a leash attached to the chain collar about the redhead's neck.

I couldn't help smiling again at the clumsy-chopped mess Bud had made of Red's auburn hair. But more importantly, naked and obedient, the once-brash youth took a head-down stance. Yeah, another wildboy had been tamed!

"Red-dog," Bud ordered quietly, "fetch Mister's bone!"

Red dropped to his hands and knees and scrambled across the floor canine-like to bury his face in my crotch, nuzzling my genitals, licking my nuts, sucking on my hardening dick, and I gave Bud a nod to acknowledge my pride in the way he was overseeing the youth's training. Hell, if I hadn't trained Bud, he never would have understood Red's ex-wildboy needs.

"Good boy," I murmured, reaching down to scratch behind Red's ears, and he bobbed up to gaze at me with cocker spaniel eyes, smiling. "Now, how about Jerry?"

Red hustled over to Jerry and gave him the same treatment, only he concentrated on Jerry's fast-swelling prick.

"Hey!" Jerry objected. "Slow down, Red!"

"Shit," Bud snorted. "Give that Red-dog your bone, pal!"

So we all ended up giving it to Red, front and rear. He turned out to be more of a puppy than a dog. He was playful, loved to be petted or scratched, followed us around eagerly, did everything but wag his tail. As a matter of fact, he had a damn fine tail, and he liked nothing better than to have one of us fuck his ass while he was sucking another's cock. But basically, he was Bud's, licking his hand, nuzzling him, sitting at the foot of whatever chair Bud was in.

Bud had also changed. Sure, he was still the *shit*-bellowing character, but he was growing more mature, more secure in his manhood. That's why I wasn't surprised when he came tromping into my room one night about six months later.

"Shit!" he declared predictably as he spilled onto the bed beside me. "I've got to move on, Mister."

"I thought so." I slid one arm beneath his shoulders and drew him against me. "Gonna take Red with you?"

"I'd better. I've gotta take care of that pup." He squirmed even closer, naked and hunky and cock-hard. "Just like you take care of Jerry, Mister."

That's another part of an ex-wildboy's training. Once brought to manhood, the master must recognize his responsibility to his convert. Bud was responsible for Red just as I was responsible for Jerry. Besides, having three horny trainees around the house was a bit too many for me to manage effectively.

So Bud and Red left later that week, and for a short time, Jerry and I had the house to ourselves, except for the one weekend a month that Bud and Red came back for refresher training, whether pain or pleasure, or usually some of both. I had two of the helmets, so Bud and Red went through their refreshers at the same time, side by side, which was the way they liked it.

Then a few months after, someone banged on the front door.

"You the guy they call Mister?" a cocky dark-haired youth barked at me. "My friend Bud sent me. Shit, today's my eighteenth birthday, and he said you'd give me a blow-job. So how about it, Mister? You wanna suck my cock, or what?"

"Sure. C'mon in."

"Cool!" He marched past me and spotted Jerry in the living room, bronzed and athletic, naked except for his collar. "Shit, what's going on here?"

"Junior!" Jerry announced. "He looks and talks like Bud, so we'll call him Junior!"

And that's how we got our next wildboy. Like I said, the world is full of them!

### 3. Mister

My plan for training wildboys in the ways of discipline was more successful than I'd expected. Jerry was my first experiment, then Bud and Red, and since then there have been a number of brash, cocky youths who have been reprogrammed and come to true manhood as a result of my methods.

Of course, each wildboy is an individual challenge and requires individualized tactics, but the basic pattern applies to all of them, and the program has broken and retrained every single one. Once stripped, chained, and helmeted, the wildboy must be taught that he is totally dependent on me. He learns that I can discipline him, feed him, wash and shave him, arouse him and take him off, ignore him, fuck him--anything I want, whenever I want it. During stage one, some pretend to give in quickly, maybe in hopes of being set free, while others will remain defiant, but the program is never fooled. Ultimately each wildboy reaches that *yes* point, the milestone of total submission as stage three breaks them and stage four clears away the wreckage and begins anew. That's the point when the wildboy goes through his metamorphosis to manhood. Then when he emerges, he seems to be lost in a secret blank-eyed world, dazed and almost slave-like in his need to be with me, to serve me, until gradually, finally, his real personality emerges and the original wildboy self is gone forever.



Naturally, I don't force an ex-wildboy to stay here once he's trained. They are free to leave. They all stayed with me for six or eight months or even a year, but eventually all of them moved on when they were ready--all except Jerry. When Bud left with his pup-trained Red, I was sorry to see them go because we'd developed a very special relationship, but both of them had learned all I could teach them about manhood and discipline. On the other hand, I've learned that each graduate is likely to carry on the work I've started by training other wildboys--as best they can, at least, without my special equipment--and sometimes they've sent special candidates to me for my personal attention.

The exception is Jerry, my first wildboy. He's never wanted to leave, and he's matured day by day, growing muscles, swimming with his trunks on to keep his ass a pale and ready target when I want to fuck it, sucking me off happily--the ultimate sex-slave. But, well, sometimes something unexpected happens.

First, though, came Hunk. That's the name Jerry gave our latest wildboy, and it sure fit him. He was tall, dark, and good-looking, and he had a body that just wouldn't quit. A real hunk. He was on the college wrestling team, which was where I first spotted him, and he was nothing but solid muscle. He had a neat, sucking-size cock, but the part of him that really turned me on was his butt: Hunk's ass was trim and round and perfect for fucking.

The details of how Jerry and I broke Hunk of his arrogant wildboy traits aren't important. He fought the training as I suspected he would, and he fought it longer than just about any other guy I've ever seen. But the program is relentless; it broke him eventually, and it retrained him nicely, and then Hunk especially liked getting a hot prick up that virgin-tight asshole of his. Damn, there's nothing quite like fucking a burly, man-strong stud like Hunk!

Anyway, the program finally forced Hunk's mind to understand that he needed to be trained, and it led him through the stages of moving from wildboy to disciplined manhood. Unfortunately, though, I failed to recognize something he said after his ultimate moment of submission, a short while after I took the helmet off of him, the moment when he said, "You and Jerry can fuck me, Mister, but nobody else. Okay?"

Jerry and Hunk were a sensational contrast, one blond and swimmer-built, the other dark and ruggedly muscled, and both of them served me with slavish devotion. I couldn't resist showing them off, and that exposed a flaw in my wildboy experiment.

I invited a few friends over for drinks one night, and I had Jerry and Hunk pass the booze around, naked except for the chain collars about their necks. Needless to say, the effect was pretty damn impressive!

"How far will they go?" my pal Larry asked. Larry's a rough-and-tough stud, and I knew he was into the leather and domination scene. "I wouldn't mind some all-out action with a good slave-boy."

"They'll do whatever I tell them," I bragged. Of course, I hadn't told any of my friends about the equipment or how I came to have two naked slave-boys. I called Hunk over. "Hunk, this is my horny friend, Larry. Take care of him."

"Uh ..." Hunk looked uncertain.

"That's an order."

He nodded impassively. "Sure, Mister."

"Get Larry out of his clothes," I commanded, knowing he would have to obey. "Show him a good time." I

turned to Jerry, showing off like crazy. "You, too. Show these studs how well I've taught you!"

So my little party turned into an instant orgy. In seconds, Larry was stripped, and I'll be damned if he didn't go down on Hunk. At the same time, Jerry was getting a double tongue-job, one front and one rear, and it wasn't long before all my guests were cutting loose and shedding their clothes. Yeah, Hunk and Jerry were the centers of attention, but after a few more drinks, we were all out of control, naked and fucking and sucking for all we were worth.

"How about it?" Larry asked me somewhere along the line. "Lemme screw Hunk, huh?"

"Be my guest. I'll order him to spread those buns for you," I told Larry, bragging again. I called Hunk over, and he wasn't too pleased when I instructed him to let Larry fuck him. But I'd educated Hunk well in the ways of discipline, and he had been program-trained for complete obedience. I could tell he didn't like the idea, maybe wanted to argue, but he just pressed his lips together and nodded his acquiescence. Yeah, being in command and having a stud yield to me always gave me such a rush!

So Larry fucked Hunk, and I took advantage of the situation to plug Larry. From then on, both Hunk and Jerry had their tails up for grabs, and there were plenty of grabbers, believe me! Okay, so I was drunk--drunk on booze, drunk on the power I had over my two ex-wildboys. They played the part of good sex-slaves and did whatever I ordered, and I basked in the admiration of Larry and my other friends. Damn, it was one of the greatest experiences of my life! The party ended when everyone was fucked out, and I remember deciding the clean-up could wait until tomorrow, and I hit the sack with Hunk and Jerry.

When I woke up the next morning, I was alone, and that was strange. I was in the habit of waking up with a naked stud on each side of me, morning-wooded and ready to do whatever I wanted. Anyway, I found them whispering together in the living room. "Where's the damned coffee?" I growled.

"Hunk and I have been talking, Mister," Jerry answered solemnly. "About last night."

"Yeah, Mister," Hunk agreed quietly. "You were acting like a damn wildboy, and that means you need to learn discipline."

The next thing I knew, they'd jumped me and I was on the floor, held down, and being ether-masked.

Then I was waking up in the basement, looking blurry-eyed up at the ceiling. I was spread-eagled on my back on the padded table, my arms and legs bound securely.

Hunk's voice came from over by the equipment. "But we *can't* do that. What if he forgets too much and can't update it anymore? What if he forgets about *us*?"

Jerry: "Okay, we won't use that one. But we're gonna run everything else."

"Okay, guys," I growled, trying to raise my head. "You've had your fun. Let me loose. Now! That's an order!"

Jerry hunched over me, naked and blond and aroused. "You were acting like a wildboy, and wildboys need to be trained. That's what you always say, and that's what we're gonna do."

"*No, no, no!* Let me up! That's an order!" I screamed. Suddenly something small and round looped over my head from behind, and something popped into my open yelling mouth and pulled in tight. "Mmmph-rrrruph!"

A ball gag! A fucking ball gag!

From behind me, Hunk pulled the gag straps tight and secured it. They'd been ready with a way to prevent me from commanding them to stop!

Jerry looked concerned, as though not obeying my last order was causing him physical pain. "We can't let you up, Mister," he said. "We gotta train you. It's for your own good. You'll see."

Hunk immobilized my head with his wrestler-strong hands. I'll never forget the look of determination in Jerry's eyes just before he clamped the helmet over my face, cutting off sight and sound.

When one of them lashed at my chest with a belt or strap, it hurt but I knew how to handle pain. Before I started training wildboys, I'd been into domination and punishment. I was mostly the punisher, but I knew my way around being the punished as well--you can't be a good dominant unless you know what the submissive experiences, to paraphrase the old saying. I was well-acquainted with pain and how to handle it, even find pleasure in it. When the strap bit my chest, sure I yelped around the damn ball gag, but I could handle this. When something struck across my thighs, I bit down hard on the ball and endured. Hell, I knew what to expect and I could dissect exactly what they were doing and how. Analyzing what they were doing seemed almost like a game, and one I could win easily: that swat across my legs, for example, was from the multi-tailed short whip with the frayed tips--it gave a sharper sting but didn't bruise the skin as much. If they were trying to teach me a lesson, they'd have to show me far more than this.

Hell, I'd built most of the program, and I knew exactly how it worked and exactly how it did it. For hours, maybe days, they put me through the same training I'd given them--whipping me, caressing me--and I couldn't help but be proud of how well they'd learned from me. They knew when to discipline, when to feed and care for a wildboy, when to taunt him by merely ignoring him. Oh, parts of the experience were raw hell--the lonely hours of nothing, and the program blasting sound and light to keep me sleep-deprived and disoriented--but I was strong-willed. I wasn't about to give in, damn it! I could take everything they threw at me.

I figured they were just going to run me through stage one, just to teach me a lesson or something. I knew every detail of what happened in stage one, how the program monitored and learned, building a baseline for use later when the next stage started--a day--two days--maybe three--no telling how long they'd set it to run. Hell, stage one didn't do anything except measure and assess. Even stage two didn't make any changes to the subject's core identity, other than setting hypnotic hooks deep into his mind. Hell, stage two might even feel good. All that hypnosis-induced ecstasy?--that almost sounded tempting. Maybe I wouldn't be too mad if they went so far as stage two.

But for now, the waiting was the worst part of stage one. The times they left me chained down and alone in the silent dark of the helmet, unable to call out intelligible words because of the gag, seemed to last forever. I kept tensing and relaxing my muscles against the chains, rubbing my hands or feet back and forth across the tabletop, anything just to feel a little sensory stimulation and pass the time between the blasts of light and sound that kept me from sleeping.

Practically the next thing I know, they're ripping off the helmet. *Whew!*--They'd stopped the program before stage two started. I felt kind of groggy and headachy and stiff-muscled, but I was still me.

My arms were still chained down. My legs were free. I was on my back. The first thing I saw in the dim basement light was Jerry greasing his ivory-taut prick!

"Welcome back, Mister. Ten days and three hours--that's how long you took, in case you're wondering."

My first thought was: *Ten days? No way! It was only a day or two at most. They couldn't have kept me in stage one for ten days!*

But ...

I still had red marks on my thighs and chest from whippings; they were only faint pink now, healing and faded, several days old. I rubbed my cheek against my shoulder. I had many days-worth of beard stubble around my sideburns, the part of my face that had been covered by the helmet. Enough stubble to prove a shitload of time had passed.

Ten days?--Long enough to go all the way through stage four! Hell, ten days was right in the middle of the average range. My next thought was: *Nah, I would have been able to hold out longer ...*

Surely they hadn't let the program run all the way through to completion--surely not! I tried to work through this; I still remembered who I was. Then I recalled what they'd said about not using the amnesia module so I wouldn't forget what I knew about the equipment or the program. I couldn't figure this out. Headachy, groggy, yeah--just like most of the test subjects reported, but how far had my boys let the program go? I still felt like me. A lot of the early subjects, the ones before we introduced the amnesia module, though, they'd said the same thing--even after our follow-up tests showed their minds had been retrained, reprogramed for obedience and discipline. Without the amnesia module, the program wiped away learned and self-imposed blocks and gave the psyche free rein to rewrite its identity and personality along the path that the program implanted. Had that happened to me? Was I now a blank slate waiting to be written on? I needed to figure this out, but my head was still too woozy and my thoughts didn't quite seem to connect to each other right.

Jerry set aside the lube bottle and aimed his erection at me. Was he going to fuck me? He was going to fuck me!

Look, I was no blushing virgin where my ass was concerned, but getting fucked wasn't something I did much--I was almost always the fucker, not the fucked. I knew for damn sure that the old me had two policies: *Never tell an ex-wildboy I loved him*, and *Never let an ex-wildboy hump my butt*. Screwing them was one thing; letting them screw me was something else! So I protested because I thought that's what I should do: "No," I said quietly. "Don't ..." But to tell the truth, those objections seemed a long time ago. And another part of me? That part was feeling receptive and accepting, like maybe I shouldn't argue. Like maybe, if Jerry wanted my ass, I should give it to him. Obedient?--Was that what I was feeling?

Jerry got into position on the table, and I didn't struggle much as he and Hunk wrenched my legs up to expose my asshole. Jerry took aim and drove his swollen cock-head into it. *Damn!* No preparation--just a sudden jab as he tried to insert. I hollered because it hurt!

"Mister!" he whispered, trying to push his rod into my hole again. His dick-head started to breach my sphincter, and I was too dazed to figure out how to keep it clamped shut--and not sure I wanted to keep it shut. Things felt like they were clicking into place in my head, finding new ways to fit together.

Another thrust and Jerry got the head into me, and the first couple of inches too. "Aww, Mister!"

And--*fucking ow!*--he pushed again, and several more inches drove in, and then he was dicking me balls-deep, the way I had plugged him so often. After a few strokes, the pain of entry started to change, becoming more pleasurable, and all the things in my head felt like they were reorienting. I heard my own voice saying, "Fuck me, Jerry! Give it to me!"

"You're going to get all the meat you can handle," Hunk promised, climbing on the table over my head to drop his rigid dick into my mouth.

An instant later, with my mouth and ass full of cock-meat, I realized what I was tumbling through was the dazed imprinting state I'd seen so many wildboys experience after the helmet came off. I was lost in a dream-world of total masculinity, and there was nothing I wouldn't do for Jerry and Hunk. For the next several hours, their dicks in my mouth and ass, my dick in theirs, felt like my whole world, all of us topping each other and bottoming for each other, with no boundaries between us anymore. All of it became a blur of sex and sweat and cum and orgasm after fucking orgasm. Yeah, I suspect the three of us did just about everything there is to do, even if I don't really remember it.

When I came to, I was stretched out on my bed, clear sunlight pouring through the open windows, and I could hear the guys giggling in the shower. My cock throbbed, half-hardening. I pulled myself up, staggered through bathroom door to join them. When I caught my reflection in the mirror, my prick snapped up full-hard. There around my neck was a locked chain collar like the ones I'd hung on Jerry and Hunk!

I stared at that collar for a moment and ... I realized it felt exactly right. With a pleased laugh, I jumped into the shower, and we all locked together, three naked men, three heated cocks.

"I love you, Mister," Jerry whispered after a long moment, testing something.

"Me too, Mister," Hunk sputtered from under the spray.

"I ...," I began, admitting an old piece that had always been there but which now fit right into a new place inside me. I said it aloud to them for the first time: "I love both of you studs too!"

They beamed at me, and I grinned right back at them.

That's the danger in taming a wildboy. Once they've been reeducated and taught control and discipline, they enjoy their new lives, and that makes them want to share the experience with others. I'd trained mine so well they knew exactly how to turn the tables and train me too. I didn't mind because--*screw my policy from before!*--I found I really had fallen in love with them!

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